

All Tied Up by Luddleston

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Summary:

Zagreus is chained to a pillar in Elysium and knows Patroclus is searching for him. He has to get free.

If he doesn't, Patroclus is going to tease him half to death before he finally gets to come.

All Tied Up

Author's Note:

- For [voca el](#).

For a concept we were talking about in the pza discord about Achilles teaching Zag how to escape from wringers by tying him up in chains and obviously it gets horny!

I however skipped the education and went straight to the horny aftereffects.

Also! It is the FINAL slut Zag Friday of 2021!! Thank you to everyone who has ever gotten on this goofy trend I inadvertently started, I love you all <3

(Note: as you saw in the tags Zag and Pat are both trans, and I use just about anything for genitalia this time)

Zagreus struggles against his bonds, testing the strength of the heavy chain links that have him quite securely tied to a stone pillar in an empty Elysian chamber. They don't give, even in the face of his full godly strength. He doesn't know how much time he has.

His arms are pinned behind his back—if he can slip them free, he'll be able to get loose in no time. Probably. He knows the links of the chain are thick and the metal is not soft. It's nothing he couldn't normally pry open, but from this angle, working with only his forearms... it's going to be a task.

And he definitely does not have long.

There's a facet to this that makes it difficult compared to normal training. (Yes, sometimes Achilles ties him up to mimic a wringer's grasp and show him how to free himself, and yes, he does get dripping wet over it, why do you ask?) Zagreus' wrists are trapped together, elbows bent, bound with a tight length of cloth that seemed flimsy when he was first trussed up like

this, but it's impossible to break out of now. If he could somehow contort himself to get his teeth to that little strip of fabric, he'd tear right through it, but that's not possible. And it's wrapped around so many times, the more he struggles, the tighter it goes.

He strains again, uselessly. Insanity: doing the same thing twice and expecting a different result. Zagreus can't pull free of this by his own might. The heavy metal links dig into his bare arms and press tight to his skin through the fabric of his chiton across his middle. He's unarmored and he's vulnerable.

"Someone's coming to get you. If you escape before he arrives, you can have whatever you want. If not, he gets to do whatever he likes with you."

Zagreus knows what that's going to be. And he needs to get free. He *needs* to.

How much longer does he have?

He sags his weight down heavily into the chains, wondering if he can force them to loosen by using his own body as a counterweight. They groan, but there's no give. The only other sound is his labored breathing, pants and grunts as he struggles.

He exhales, trying to maneuver himself flat. No breath in his chest, his ribcage as compressed as it will go. Nothing. He's been tied too firmly. He tries the bindings around his wrists again, pushes his hips forward to give himself more space and tries to bend his wrist at an extreme enough angle to pick at the strip of linen. It's tied too far up his forearms. He's really been well and truly trapped.

There's one last recourse. Zagreus bends his knee, tilting his foot backward, trying hard to reach his burning toes to the linen strap holding his forearms.

"Ah—come on, come on, just—dammit—"

There's a damning scrape of a massive Elysian door being flung open. Zagreus has seconds to escape.

He tries to the last, which means he's looking down at his bonds when a hand grasps his face, forcing his gaze upward.

"Well, he just made it easy for me to win, didn't he?"

Patroclus is standing before him, a glimmer in his grinning eyes. The fight goes out of Zagreus, he slumps back. He's lost.

"I do think the odds were in your favor, sir."

"Don't look so glum," Patroclus said. "You win either way, really."

He can't deny that. The hard press of the chains is conflated with the feeling of a lover's hands on him, of the way Achilles handled him while he bound Zagreus here, tied up like a prisoner for his lover's pleasure. "But you're going to make me wait, sir." He knows this is true.

"Someday you'll understand the virtue of drawing things out. I'll endeavor to drive that into your mind today. What say you?"

If Zagreus says no, he knows Patroclus will untie him, coddle him, take him home. He knows how to keep himself safe when they play like this. He's also fucking stubborn.

"Do it. Take your winnings."

"And what a pretty prize you are." Patroclus cups his face, his fingers tracing the swell of Zagreus' lower lip.

Zagreus, with desperate want to touch him in return, struggles and lifts himself toward Patroclus, who puts a hand firm in the center of his chest and thumps him back against the pillar.

"You know the rules. Once you've lost, you stop fighting. You let me take care of you."

Achilles must have given him the same proposal he'd given Zag. Did he go to Patroclus first, or did he already know Pat would be up for it when he learned Zagreus was tied up in a pretty bow for him?

Zagreus, who does know the rules, stops struggling and looks his fate in its sparkling, warm dark eyes. He strains again despite himself.

"Please, sir, let me go, I want to feel you—"

"None of that," Patroclus says. "Begging to be freed qualifies as 'fighting', I believe. Keep going and I'll find something to gag you with."

The threat only serves to make Zagreus shiver. Pat's running his hands not over Zag's body, but over the chains, tracing the links that bind around the widest part of Zagreus' chest.

"These look very tight. Are you comfortable?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Achilles knows not to make them too restrictive," Zagreus reassures him.

Patroclus grins, lifting his fingers from Zagreus' body and rubbing them over his beard instead. "Good. I simply wanted to ensure you would be alright if I left you in those restraints for quite some time."

Dammit, he should've said '*no, please release me as soon as possible, sir, I can't breathe!*'

Patroclus' first touch to Zagreus' body is an innocent brush over his shoulder, sweeping inward until Patroclus is holding the side of his neck. "I will not leave you in anguished waiting, though. Tell me: do you want a kiss or a touch?"

"Do I get to pick where?"

"Cheeky. No."

Patroclus' warm palm on him is a more weighty press than the chains binding him. Zagreus can feel his breath quicken, his mouth drop open, and he licks his lower lip before responding. "A touch, sir."

If Patroclus kisses him, no matter how brief, he's going to try to struggle free again, and he's going to be punished.

As it turns out, Patroclus is both merciful and terrible with his touching.

With one hand, he grasps a length of the chain between Zagreus' bicep and the pillar. With his other, he reaches between Zagreus' legs. He's cupping Zagreus through his leggings, no firm pressure but no ticklish brush, either, the fullness of his palm resting against Zagreus' sex.

The *instant* Zagreus grinds forward, Pat's hand is gone, leaving him groaning in raw frustration and chasing a touch that's being denied.

"Patroclus, please!"

"No whining." Patroclus is taking far too long to undo the pin at his cloak and drop it to the ground. Zagreus does appreciate his arms once bared, though. "Achilles did not warn me that you would be such a handful when I got you like this."

"I'm always a handful, sir, you probably should have expected that."

"You're more than one handful," Patroclus agrees.

He observes Zagreus like he's analyzing. Zagreus is sure he's a show. He can't help the way his hips rock and twist; if Achilles wanted to keep him from grinding like this he should've tied down his lower half, too. He's hot, all the way down to his core, getting hotter the longer Patroclus is looking at him. He's *throbbing* with need, and he's been touched once.

"However am I to get at you like this, though, I wonder?" Patroclus asks. "I would have to untie you to undress you, and that's no fun. Should have asked Achilles to strap you down naked."

The idea of being left here naked, vulnerable, ready for whoever came along to do whatever they want with him—it has Zagreus shivering. In actuality, he fears that someone else (gods forbid, Theseus) would come along, but in fantasy, the idea of Patroclus coming across him in the nude is just hot. "Whatever are you going to do with me?" Zagreus jokes. He's expecting Patroclus to slide his greaves off, pull his leggings down.

He's not expecting Patroclus to kneel before him and do absolutely nothing. Maybe he should've. It *is* Patroclus.

"Nothing, not yet," Patroclus says. "You should know by now, I'm a gentleman. I don't go about simply ravishing wayward princes I find tied up and left all alone and defenseless."

"You could. You could ravish me."

Patroclus is touching him again, his hands slipping up the back of Zagreus' legs, from his ankle to his knee. "You would like that, wouldn't you? Me just taking you apart, no holds barred. How long do you think it would take me to make you come? Minutes? Seconds?"

He feels like he's about to come *now*. Every breath comes out likes an exhausted heave. He can feel himself getting wetter—he wants to press his thighs together but Patroclus is kneeling between them and Zag's desperate for the very slight chance Patroclus might touch him again.

Patroclus rubs at the back of his knee, thumbing over the tendon there. He leans so that his chin is on top of Zag's thigh just above his knee, eyes closed, casual as could be as he says, "I wouldn't even need to undress you, I think. I could put my mouth on you through your clothes and you'd still come."

"*Ngh!*"

"But there's no sense in that. Because I want to *taste* you, prince."

Zag clenches in a way that's half an orgasm already. He knows he's flushed all the way down his chest. He knows that if Patroclus is looking, he can see Zagreus' leggings going dark with the slickness issuing from him. Just the barest touch of the seam of his leggings against his cock is driving Zagreus wild.

"Why do you wear these, anyhow?" Patroclus plucks at the fabric of Zagreus' leggings. "My own clothing, I'm sure you know, is much more hospitable to those who may want to get into it."

"You know, at the moment, I can't think of a single good reason."

"Do you mind if I ruin them, then?"

"Ruin everything you want. Ruin *me*."

Patroclus chuckles, airy and sweet. "In due time, my prince. In due time."

He ruins the leggings first.

It's a sharp tug at either side of the crotch, splitting that center seam that had been the only stimulation on Zagreus' poor cock. He has to fit a finger into the hole he's torn to rip it open further, but he pulls the fabric away from Zagreus' body so his finger doesn't touch Zagreus at all. The coolness of Elysium's air is a shock to his heated sex, and his toes curl in the grass, sending up the sweet smell of burning Elysian foliage.

Zagreus struggles to breathe. He's so horny he thinks he might die. Have fun with that one, Hypnos.

"Look at you." It should be embarrassing to have Patroclus staring directly at his crotch, but he sounds so pleased Zagreus can't be shy. Patroclus lifts Zagreus' chiton up and away, tucking it handily beneath the length of chain that crosses over Zagreus' middle. Zagreus tries to bend forward—the chains prevent it, of course. But he wants to see Patroclus' face. "I was going to draw things out longer, but you're so wet, it would just be cruel, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—sir—"

"Poor dear, look at you, you're dripping. *Fuck*, I can smell you from here." He loses his domineering composure a bit, here, mutters it softly, shifts his stance so his knees are a little wider and his back is bowed. Once, he ate Zagreus out like this while Achilles fucked him. He looks like he'd do that again if Achilles wasn't working. Zagreus wonders how wet *Patroclus* is. Patroclus didn't have any bonds to worry about breaking. What was it like, racing through Elysium, sex on his mind, seeking out his lover? Zagreus

knows his own lack of self-control—he'd stop at some point to pause and stick his hand down his leggings, get off a few strokes to dull the edge.

Patroclus wouldn't do that, though. Patroclus would be controlled, calm, searching for Zagreus with a single-minded intensity. That's why Zagreus lost this game.

He takes one, slow lick along the seam of Zagreus' sex, flicking his tongue against the little bulge of Zagreus' cock. It barely parts his folds but it feels so good, Zagreus is crumpling forward, only the chains holding his weight. His thighs want to snap together, keep Patroclus' head between his legs, but Patroclus grasps his knees, holding them apart.

“Now, now, love. Relax. Let me have you how I will.” When he speaks, it's soft and gentle, and his face is close enough that Zagreus can feel his beard brush against the hot wet ache of him.

Fuck, if only he had use of his hands, he'd grab Patroclus' head and pull him in, grind against that sweet mouth.

“Nngh,” Zagreus says, his only recourse, since he's definitely not able to pull Patroclus in. He's struggling again, so hard the pillar itself feels like it's creaking. He's taken them down before, in fights, obviously.

“You know I will satisfy you.” He leans in for just the barest of gentle licks against Zagreus' cock. It's deeply unsatisfying. Zagreus is still going to come from it. “Just give it some time.”

He teases Zagreus like that for some time, indeed. Long, slow licks leave him wetter and wetter, brief sucks to his cock make him shake. Patroclus' tongue parts him and curls in, just tugging at the rim of his hole, and it's *annoying* how close Zagreus is getting without any real stimulation. There's a whisper of Pat's beard against his cock as he speaks again.

“You always taste incredible. And you're so warm, especially right here.” Pat has his thumbs hooked in either side of the hole in Zagreus' leggings, keeping the fabric out of the way so he can purse his lips around Zagreus' cock and suck, tongue flicking at it as he pulls away yet again, leaving

Zagreus frustrated and clenching around nothing, wishing Patroclus would just fucking *fill him* already. He doesn't know how Pat's doing it. He's making himself wait as long as he's making Zagreus, not touching himself, giving Zag all his attention.

Every time Zagreus squirms against him, thrusting forward into his mouth, Patroclus pulls back. It eventually forces Zagreus to remain still if he wants any stimulation at all, and his legs begin to shake from it. He can feel the ties around his wrists abrading his skin as he keeps pulling at them, despite any claim he's going to sit still and receive Patroclus' affections.

Even all the toying has him close, especially when Patroclus' thumbs move from just pushing aside his ruined clothing to spreading him, so that his tongue goes closer and closer to Zagreus' hole. Zagreus grits his teeth, trying not to make any sound that would let Patroclus know he's about to come—although, Patroclus probably knows anyway just based on how wet he is.

All it would take is a *second* more, just the slightest pressure of Pat's tongue on his cock—there. Patroclus licks over his cock and Zag's going to—a thunderous rush of his own heartbeat in his chest and his ears and his *cunt*—

And Patroclus pulls back entirely.

Zagreus *screams*.

It's a wordless cry of frustration, ripped from his throat in a raw shout, more animal than man. He can feel tears rolling down his cheeks, and he wants to pull his hands up, cover his face.

Pat is now standing a casual four paces away from him, tonguing Zagreus' slick off his lips. "Zagreus," he says, very even for somebody in his position, "are you alright?" He's waiting for the safeword, expecting Zagreus to use it—Zagreus has half a mind to.

But he can also feel the force of his frustration tearing at the ties on his wrists, making the chains groan against the old architecture of the Underworld.

Patroclus realizes a second after Zagreus, that the pillar is coming down. His eyes dart upward and then back to Zagreus as he freezes in place.

Zagreus feels it give and feels the flimsy fabric ties break at his wrists and he leaps forward, free of the chains because he's broken the *pillar itself*, chunks of rubble raining behind him as he launches himself at Patroclus, tackling him flat on his back in a patch of grass, pinning him in place with his hands and, he assumes, the heat and energy of the pure desperation on his face.

“Oh, god.”

“Yes,” Zagreus says, and before the dust has even settled he's flipped Patroclus' skirt up (he didn't wear anything under today) and straddled him, one leg hiked over Pat's hip so he can rub himself against Patroclus, wet heat on wet heat.

Cry out to your god, Patroclus. Be thankful he is merciful.

Zagreus is going to ride him to completion and nothing, no one is going to stop him. Patroclus is looking up at him starry-eyed, a wide smile on his face that's broken only when he gasps and moans for him. It's blunt, imprecise pressure on his cock but it's enough, especially after what Patroclus put him through.

He thinks of kissing Patroclus—the angle prevents it because he's not quite that flexible—of tasting himself on Patroclus' mouth. He thinks of dismounting as soon as he's come and burying his face between Patroclus' legs, no hesitation or teasing, shoving his tongue up him to taste every second of his orgasm.

It's all dirty, his fantasy and his reality. They rut together inelegantly, Patroclus pushing up into his touch just as much as Zagreus is grinding into him. Pat has one hand wrapped around Zagreus' ankle, keeping him where he's splayed over Patroclus, as if he would ever move. He's panting, moaning, probably crying again as he finally hits that relief he was waiting for, tensing and shaking through his finish, the grind of his body against Patroclus' turning slicker with his come.

“Fuck, look at you.” Patroclus shifts to disentangle their legs and finally pulls him in to kiss him, that kiss turning heated when Zagreus puts a hand between his legs. “Completely wrecked and you can still tear down the walls and then put me on my back if you want. You are incredible, Zagreus.”

“You know, you would absolutely deserve it if I just took my hand right back and refused to get you off,” Zagreus says. He’s thumbing Patroclus’ cock while he does it, which feels contrary.

“Will you, now?” Patroclus is sly, probably because he’s aware that Zagreus is lying through his teeth and wouldn’t stop touching him for anything.

To this end, he slips his first two fingers into Patroclus, relishing in the warm squeeze of Patroclus’ cunt around them—he’s close. “I won’t,” Zagreus said. “But you would deserve it.”

“I wouldn’t be able to take it,” he says. “Not after I watched you—not after I saw you *oh, gods*—“

Zagreus has both hands on him now, fucking him and rubbing his cock, working solely to get him off. It’s making Zagreus’ blood rise again just watching him, gods, he could go another round if he wasn’t so exhausted from breaking down a fucking pillar.

Patroclus melts under him, head tipping back, arms following, so he looks like he’s laid out on a warm bed instead of a patch of grass. He lifts his hips as he comes, fucking onto Zagreus’ fingers, and Zagreus works him through it until he’s shaking, cursing, and nudging Zagreus away from his oversensitive body.

Zagreus collapses beside him, giggling like a madman, and Patroclus turns on his side, his breath still heaving through his chest in uneven gasps.

“That was even better than I thought it would be,” Patroclus says. He takes Zagreus’ hands, looks at where the bindings dug in. “Are you alright?”

Zagreus is bruised, here, and probably across his torso where the chains hung. There are little welts on his wrists from where he strained, patches of nearly-broken skin. "It's nothing that won't heal. You know that's sort of my whole thing."

"I know. But I wouldn't want to hurt you unnecessarily even in the pursuit of pleasure. My prince, my love."

When Patroclus calls him these things it's impossible for him not to blush. Patroclus lifts his hand and kisses the red marks on his wrist, and then trades it for the other and does the same.

"You know, when Achilles mentioned this, I got very curious about the point in his explanation at which he mentioned he had done something of this sort with you in training...?"

"Oh, be quiet," Zagreus said, flopping forward onto Patroclus' chest. "Stop fishing for details."

"But I desire them. I desire those details terribly." Patroclus strokes his back, tracing his spine and his shoulder blades, his touch especially warm when he brushes over parts of Zagreus still uncovered by his chiton.

It's comfortable, surprisingly so, considering they're lying in the grass next to a pile of rubble (thanks to Zagreus) fully clothed except that Zagreus' leggings have a hole down the crotch (thanks to Patroclus) and his hands are covered in Pat's come. He licks his fingers off before it gets tacky, partially just to make Patroclus groan. And partially because he didn't get a chance to get his mouth on Pat, and he likes the taste.

Patroclus kisses him again, squeezing his waist. Zagreus could stay comfortably on top of him like this forever. When they part, he lays his head on Patroclus' chest. "Where is Achilles, anyway?" Patroclus asked. "Working? That's just sad."

"Mmm. Hey, Pat?"

"Yes?"

Zagreus shifts to look at him, unable to keep both mirth and mischief off his face. "What if—what if, we tie *Achilles* up. He can't go to work like that."

"Indeed." Patroclus is very nearly stifling his laughter. "Well, we do have all these perfectly good chains. But he's strong, prince. We might need somebody to... hold him back."

"Sir, you know I take my duties as head of security very seriously," Zagreus lied. "He'd never escape from me."

Patroclus kissed him on the corner of his mouth, and very quietly said, "see to it that he doesn't, and you will be duly rewarded."

Author's Note:

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